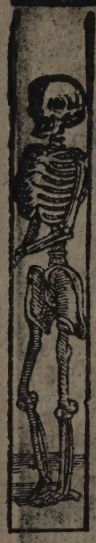
DU BARTAS
HIS WORKES

6.151

AT LONDON,
Printed by Hugo Lovus, dwelling on
Bredstreet hill, at the Sign of the
Starre.

Lachrymæ Lachrymarū
or
The Spirit of Teares,
Distilled
for the vn-tymely Death
of
The incomparable Prince,
PANARETVS.
by Iosuah Sylue
The third Ed
with Additio
and
other [illegible]



LACHRYMÆ LACHRYMARVM.

A FVNERAL ELEGIE.

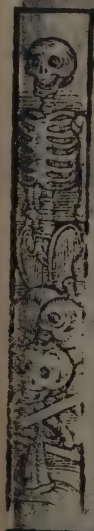
The Argument, in an EPITAPH.

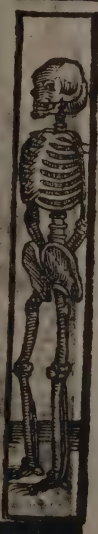
HEre lyes (Drie Eyes read not This Epitaph)
Heer lyes Great-Britans *Stay, Great* Iacob's *ſtaf:*
The ſtately Top-bough of Imperial Stemme,
World's richeſt Iewell, Nature's rareſt Gemme,
Mirror of Princes, *Miracle of Youth,*
All Vertues Pattern, Patron of all Truth;
Refuge of Armes, ample Reward of Arts,
Worth's *Comforter, milde Conquerer of Harts:*
The Churche's *Tower, the Terror of the Pope,*
Heroik Henry, Atlas of our Hope.

HOw-euer, ſhort of Others *Art* and *Wit*,
I knowe my powers for ſuch a Part vnfit;
And ſhall but light my Candle in the *Sunn*,
To doe a work ſhall be ſo better *Donne*:

HONI·SOIT·QVI·MAL·Y·PENSE

Could *Teares* and *Feares* giue my Diſtractions leaue,
Of ſobbing words a *ſable Webbe* to weaue;
Could *Sorrowe's Fulnes* giue my voice a vent;
How would! how ſhould my ſaddeſt *Verſe* lament,
In deepeſt Sighes (in ſtead of ſweeteſt Songs)
This Loſſe (alas!) which vnto All belongs:
To All, alas! though chiefliе to the Chief;
His *royal Parents*, Principalls in grief:
To All the *Peers*, to all *Confederate*,
To All the CHVRCH, to all the CHRISTIAN *State*:
To all the Godly *now*, and *future*, farr:
To all the WORLD; except S P.Q.R.
To All together, and to Each a-part,
That liues, and loues *Religion*, *Armes*, *or Art*:
To all abroad; but, to vs moſt of all
That neereſt ſtood to my *High Cedars* fall:
But, more then moſt, to *Mee*, that had no *Prop*
But HENRY's *Hand*; and, but in *Him*, no *Hope*:
In whom, with *Nature*, *Grace* and *Fortune* mett,
To conſummate a PRINCE, as *good* as *Great*:





In

HONI·SOIT·QVI·MAL·Y·PENSE

In whom, the Heauens were pleasd to shewe the Earth
A richer *Iewell* then the World was worth,
Or Worthy of: therfore, no more to make
So rare a *Piece*, His pretious Moulde they brake.
O soudain Change! O sad *Vicissitude*!
O how the Heauens our Earthly Hopes delude!
O! what is firme beneath the Firmament!
O! what is constant heer that giues Content!
What Trust in Princes! O! what Help in Man,
Whose *dying* Life is but in length a spann!
Melting, as Snowe before the Mid-day Sunn;
Past as a Poste, that speedy by dooth runn;
Swift, as the Current of the quickest Stream;
Vain, as a Thought; forgotten, as a Dream;
O Deerest HENRY, Heav'n and Earth's *Delight*!
O cleerest Beame of *Vertues*, Rising bright!
O purest Spark of *Pious* Princely *Zeale*!
O surest Ark of *Iustice* sacred weale!
O graueſt Presage of a *Prudent* kinde!
O braueſt Message of a *Valiant* Mynde!

O

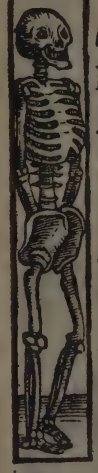
HONI SOIT QVI MAL Y PENSE

O All-admir'd, *Benign* and *Bountious*!
O All-desired (right) PANARETVS!
(PANARETVS (*All-Vertuous*) was thy Name;
Thy Nature such: such euer bee thy Fame).
O deerest! cleerest! purest! surest *Prop*!
O graues't! brave't! highest! nighest *Hope*!
O! how vntimely is this *Sunne* gonne downe!
This *Spark* put out, This *Ark* (as) ouerthrowne!
This *Presage* crost! This *Message* lost and left!
This *Prop* displac't! This *Hope* of All, bereft!
O! How vnkinde! How, gracelesse! How, ingrate!
Haue *Wee* cut-off Thy likely longer Date!
For were, *This Stroak* from Heav'ns immediat hand;
Or (by Heaven's leaue) from Hell's suborned Band
Of ROMVLIDES (What dare not They presume?
If this, That Sea a Sulphury Sea consume.)
How-e'r it were, *Wee* were the *Mooving Cause*
That sweet *Prince* HENRY breath no longer drawes.
Wee All (alas!) haue had our hands herein:
And Each of vs hath, by some *cord* of *Sinne*,

Hal'd

Hal'd down from Heauen, from *Iuſtice* awfull Seat,
This *heauy Iudgement* (which yet more doth threat).
Wee Clergy, firſt, who too-too-oft haue ſtood
More for the Church-goods, then the Churches good:
Wee Nobles next, whoſe Title, euer ſtrong,
Can hardly offer Right, or ſuffer Wrong:
Wee Magiſtrates, who (moſtly) weake of ſight,
Are rather faine to feele then ſee the Right:
Wee Officers, whoſe *Price* of euery *Place*
Keeps *Vertue* out, and bringeth *Vice* in grace:
Wee Gentles then, who rack, and ſack, and ſell,
To ſwimme like *Sea-Crabs*, in a *foure-wheel'd Shell*:
Wee Courtiers, next, who *French-Italianate*,
Change (with the *Moon*) our *Faſhion*, *Faith*, and *Fate*.
Wee Lawyers then, who *Dedalizing* LAVV,
And deadding *Conſcience*, like the Horſe-leach drawe:
Wee Cittizens, who ſeeming *Pure* and Plaine,
Beguile our Brother, make our *God* our GAYNE:
Wee Country-men, who ſlander Heav'n and Earth
As Authors of Our *Artificiall Dearth:*

HONI·SOIT·QVI·MAL·Y·PENSE

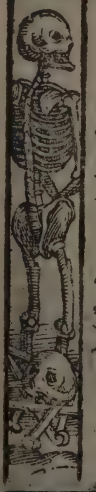


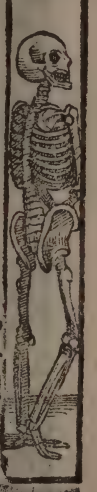
Wee Pourueyors, laſt, who taking tenn for two,
Rob both at once, our *Prince* and *People* too:
All, briefly All; all Ages, Sexes, Sorts,
In *Countries*, *Citties*, *Benches*, *Churches*, *Courts*
(All *Epicures*, *Witt-Wantons*, *Atheïſts*,
Mach'-Aretines, *Mimes*, *Tap-To-Bacchoniſts*,
Batts, *Happies*, *Sirens*, *Centaures*, *Bib-al-nights*,
Sice-ſink-ap-Aſſes, *Hags*, *Hermaphrodites*)
Aud *Wee* poore *Nothings* (fixed in no Spheare,
Right *Wandring* Tapers, *Erring* euery-where)
Scorne of the *Vulgar*, Scandal of the *Gowne*,
Haue pull'd this waight of *Wrath*, This *Vengeance* down:
All, All are *guilty*, in a high Degree;
Of This *High Treaſon* and *Conſpiracie*;
More brute then *Brutus*, ſtabbing more then CAESAR,
With Two-hand-SINNES of *Profit* and of *Pleaſure*:
And (th'odious *Engine*, which doth All include)
Our Many-pointed proude INGRATITVDE.
For, for the *Peoples* Sinnes, for *Subiects* crymes,
God takes-away good *Princes* oftentimes.

So

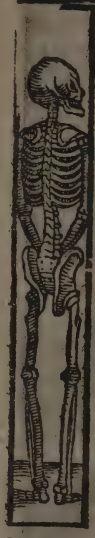
SOLIT·QVI·MVTARE·PENATES

So, good IOSIAH (HENRY's *parallel*)
Was soon bereft from Sinfull *Izrael*:
So our good EDVVARD (HENRY's *Pre-cedent*)
For ENGLAND's *Sinns* was hence vntimely hent.
So heer, good HENRY is new taken hence,
For now *Great*-BRITANN's, great *Sinnes* confluence.
Wee see th'Effect: wee haue the Cause confest:
O! *Turne* wee then, with speed, to *Saue the rest*:
O! Turne vs, *Lord*; turne to vs, turne away
Thy *Frowns*, our *Fears*, with humblest Tears wee *pray*.
O saue our SOVERAIN; saue his *Royall seed*;
That still his *Owne* may on His *Throne* succeed.
Let Each of vs make priuie Search within;
And hauing found, bring forth the *Traitor* SINNE
To *Execution*, with all *Execration*
Henceforth renouncing such *In Sin-newation*.
Let Each of vs (as Each hath throwen a *Dart*,
A *Dart* of Sinne, at HENRY's princely hart)
Send-vp in Sighes our *Soules* deuoutest breath, (BETH,
To *Shield* our IAMES, ANNE, CHARLES, ELIZA-
And



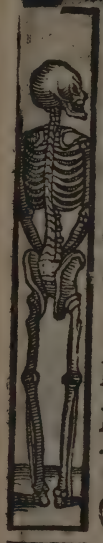


HONI·SOIT·QVI·MAL·Y·PENSE



And HIM whose *Loue* shall render HER her *Brother*,
And make Her soon a happy *Princes* Mother.
Let Each of vs cease to lament (in vain)
Prince HENRY'S *Losse*: Death is to HIM a Gain.
For *Sauoy's* Dukelings, or the *Florentine*,
He Wedds his *Sauiour*, of a Regal *Ligne*;
Glorie, for *Gould*; for *Hope*, *Possession* (*thear*)
Of *Crowns* so Rich as neuer entred Eare,
Eye neuer saw, nor euer Heart conceav'd;
So strong *Assur'd*, as cannot be bereav'd.
Waile not his death: His *Vertues* cannot *Dye*;
Immotall Issue of ETERNITIE.
His Soule in Blisse beholds her Makers Eyes:
His goodlie Body shall more glorious *Rise*.
Weep not for HIM: weep for our selues, alas!
(Not for our *Priuate* or *Peculiar* case:
As, for our *Sonn's*, *Brother's*, or *Master's* lack,
Or *Prince's* losse (our *Expectations* wrack)
Our *Places*, *Graces*, *Profits*, *Pensions* lost,
Our *present Fortunes* cast, our *future* crost)

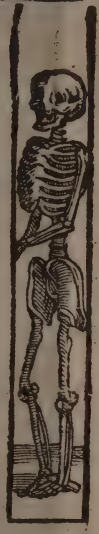
HONI · SOIT · QVI · MAL · Y · PENSE



Weep for our *Sinns*, our *Wicked*-Prouocations,
Our haynous, horrid, high ABHOMINATIONS;
Both *ſeen* and *ſecret*; both in High and Lowe:
Weep, weep, for *Theſe*; and, ſtript from Top to Toe,
Of *guiddie-Gaudes*, Top-gallant *Tires* and *Towers*,
Of *Face-pride*, *Caſe-pride*, *Shin-pride*, *Shoo-pride*, ours
(*Like* NINIVITES ſo neer Their *threatned Fall*)
In blackeſt *Sack* and *Cinders* ſhrowded All,
Not like a *Bul ruſh*, for a day or two,
To ſtoop, and droop, and *ſeem* as others *doo*,
(As ACHAB yerſt, and PHARAO, in Diſtreſs)
And then return vnto our old Exceſs
(As Doggs vnto their Mewte, Hoggs to their Mire)
But, day by day, vntill our laſt exſpire,
With bended Knees, but more with broken Harts,
And th'*inward* reſt of right *Repentant* Parts,
Proſtrate our Soules in *Faſting* and in *Prayer*,
Before the Foot-ſtool of th'*Empyreal* CHAIRE:
That So, What-euer bloodie DELVGE float
Fom th'old *Red-Dragons* wide-wide-yawning *Throat*,
Wee *Humbled* MOVRNERS may be Heav'nly *Markt*,
In MERCIE's *Veſſell* to be All imb ARKT.

AN EPITAPH.

WHen *Great* French HENRY *Fates bereft,*
His Name and Fame to OVRS *Hee left;*
As ableſt ATLAS *Then, to* proppe
The Waight of WORTH, *the World of* HOPE:
But, ENGLAND's Sinnes (*a heauier Load*)
So over-layd *His Shoulders broad,*
That, cruſhed *downe,* Heer lies HEE dead.
So, HOPE *is fall'n, and* WORTH *is fled.*



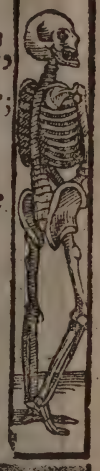
ANOTHER.

WHom *All admir'd, whom All (almoſt) ador'd,*
For all the Parts of all PANDORA's *Treaſure;*
The Hope of All, to haue all Good *reſtor'd;*
HIM *All our* Ills *haue ſlain, by Heavn's Diſpleaſure.*

By HIS (late) HIGHNES's

Firſt Worſt
&
Pöet Penſion

Iohiah Sylueſter.



HONI SOIT QVI MAL Y PENSE

In Obitum Sereniſſ. Principis, HENRICI.

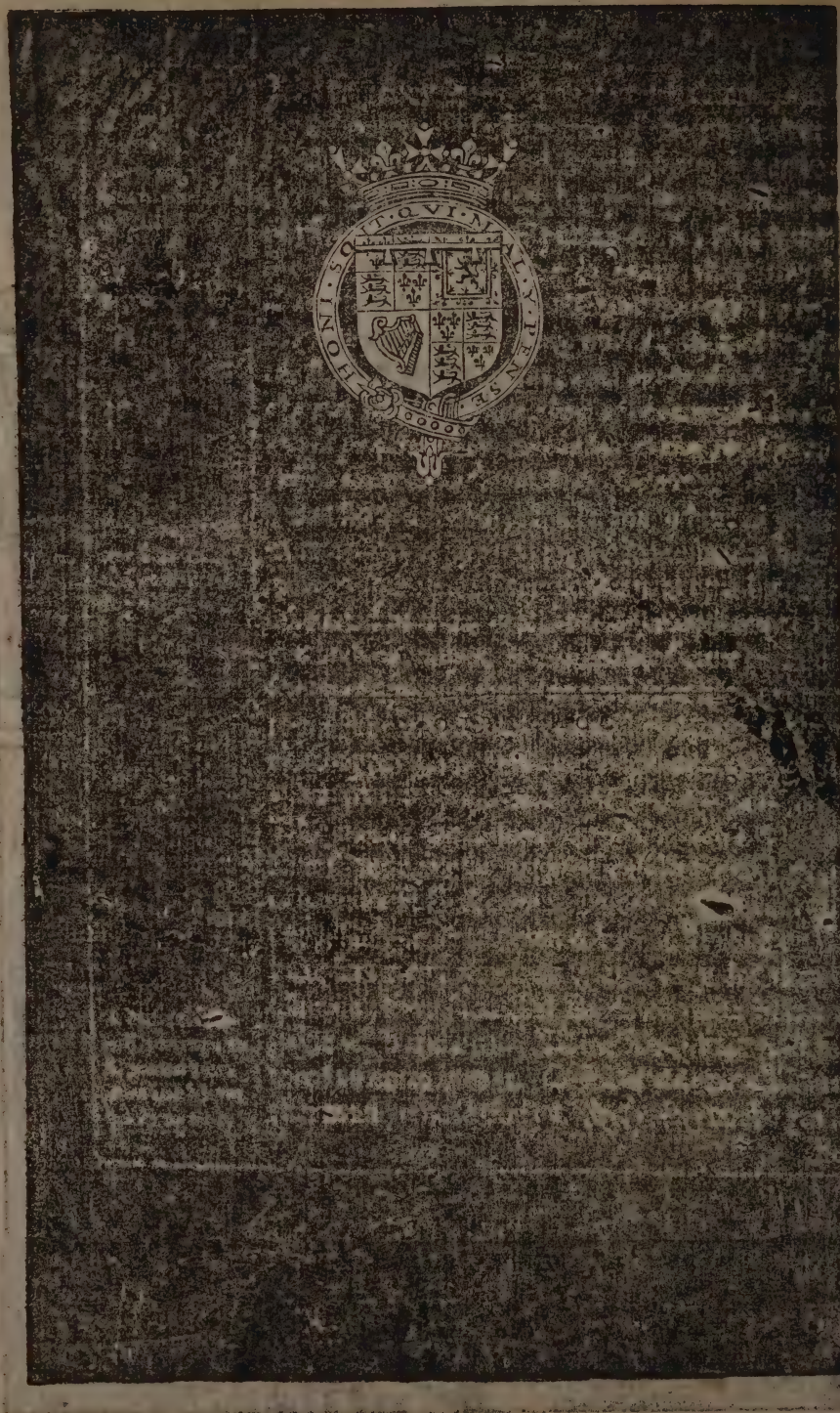
OCcidit *ante diem* Iuuenum flos, gloria ſtirpis
Regalis, Patriæ ſpes columenq; ſuæ.
Occidit ante diem, Patri populiſq; Britannis
Flendus, & his iunctis fœdere, amore, ſacris.
Occidit ante diem, geſturus Principe digna,
Acceleraſſet eini fera Parca necem.
Occidit ante diem, virtutis & vbere fructu,
Et mundum exemplo funere deſtituens.
Occidit ante diem, ſi vota & commoda ſpectes
Publica, vel vitam ſi breuitate notes.
Sin vitam ſpectes partam illi morte perennem,
Haud iam, par Superis, *occidit ante diem.*

G. Q.

SONNETTO ſopra il medeſimo Suggetto.

IL *fior' de* Prencipi *nel fior' de gl' anni,*
Et delle noſtre Speranze, ora è colto
Dalla ſpietata Morte (ahi laſſo) e tolto
A noi dolenti e miſeri Britanni.
A neſſun' Popol' mai diè tanti affanni
Morendo alcun' gran Prencipe, per molto
Ch' ei foſſe amato, quanti il noſtro ſciolto
Dal corpo ci laſcia e dolori, e danni.
Dal Ciel pareua ch' ci ci foſſe dato,
Perche del Padre Succeſſor nel Regno
Foſſe, e felice, e chiaro e'n Pace, e'n Guerra.
Ma ci vien tolto (ohime) dal Ciel irato
A danni noſtri, perche di ſe degno
Stimóllo, e' indegna eſſer' ai Lui la Terra.

Gual: Quin.



In Pontificium exprobrantem nobis *sextum Nouembris.*

O Invidorum quisquis es, ROMVLI nepos,
Qui fata nobis exprobras *Nouembrium*,
Crudelis audi: Nunquid autumas Scelus
Illud nefandum, sulphureum, igneum, Malo
Oblitterari posse succedaneo?
Ocellus orbis HENRICVS, quoquo die
Nouo beârit spiritu cœli domos,
Infame vestri nomen Ausi perpetim
Ad execrantes transuolabit Posteros;
Tantoq; deinceps atriore Calculo
Signabitur, quantò *vltimum* HENRICI *diem*
Attingit vsq; propiùs. Vnius docet
Iactura (quamuis Numinis dempti manu)
Quantum luisset Orbis, vno vulnere
Si tota Magni stirps IACOBI regia
Tulisset vnum funus à vestro DITE.

Indignabundus effutij,

IOS. HALL.

C-D

The same Englished.

Against the Papist vpbrayding vs with the sixt of NOVEMBER.

WHat-euer enuious Romulide *Thou art*
Vpbraid'st Vs with NOVEMBER'S *fatal part:*
O Cruel! Think'st Thou, think'st Thou, any Time
Can, That nefarious, firie, sulphurie Crime,
That hellish, horrid, bloody, readie-Deed,
Blot-out, by any ILL *that can succeed?*
What-euer Day, Earth's-Dearling HENRY *had*
With His Soule's presence made Heauens Presence *glad,*
Th' infamous Fame of your PLOT'S *Prodigies*
Must ouer-flie to all POSTERITIE'S
Iust Execration; and bee more *abhorr'd,*
The more it neers *the Death of* HIM, *My* LORD.
HIS *Death, alone* (*though by the hand of* Heauen)
Shewes what a Wound *You to the* WORLD *had giuen,*
If Our Great IAMES, *His* royall Issue, *All*
Had by Your Hell-Blowe had One FVNERALL.

By *I.S.*

FINIS.

Vpon
The vnſeaſonable times, that haue followed the vnſeaſonable death *of my ſweete Maſter, Prince* HENRY.

FOnd Vulgar, canſt thou thinke it ſtrange to finde
So *watery* Winter, and ſo waſtefull *Winde?*
What other face could Natures age become,
In looking on Great HENRY's Herſe and Toome?
The World's whole Frame, his Part in *mourning* beares:
The *Windes* are Sighes: the *Raine* is Heauens Teares:
And if Theſe Teares be rife, and Sighes be ſtrong,
Such Sighs, ſuch Tears, to theſe ſad Times belong. (make
Theſe Showrs haue drown'd all Hearts: Theſe Sighs did
The CHVRCH, the WORLD, with Griefs, with Feares to
Weep on, ye Heauens; and Sigh as ye begon: (ſhake.
Men's Sighes and Teares are ſlight, and quickly done.

I. Hall.

Of the Rain-bowe, that was reported to be seene in the night, ouer S^t. IAMES, *before the Princes death; and of the vnseasonable Winter, since.*

WAs euer nightly RAIN-BOVVE seene?
Did euer WINTER *mourne* in *greene?*
Had that long *Bowe* been bent by Day,
'T had chased all our *Clouds* away:
But, now that it by Night appeares,
It tels the DELVGE of our *Teares.*
No maruell RAIN-BOVVES shine by Night,
When *Suns* yer Noone do lose their light.
IRIS was wont to be, of old,
Heav'ns Messenger to Earthly mold;
And now Shee came to bring vs downe
Sad Newes of HENRY's better Crowne.
And as the *Easterne* STAR did tell
The *Persian* Sages, of that Cell
Where SION's King was *borne* and lay;
And ouer that same House did stay:
So did This *Westerne* BOVVE descry
Where HENRY, Prince of Men, should *die:*
Lo there This ARCH of Heav'nly state
Rais'd to the TRIVMPH of his Fate;
Yet, rais'd in dark of Night, to showe
His *Glory* should bee with our *Woe.*
And Now, for that mens *Mourning* weed
Reports a Griefe not felt, indeed;
The WINTER weeps, and mournes in deed,
Though clothed in a SVMMER weed.

I. Hall.

FINIS.

SVNDRY FVNERAL ELEGIES,

ON THE VNTIMELY

Death of the most excellent PRINCE,

HENRY;

Late, PRINCE *of* VVALES.

Composed by seuerall AVTHORS.

1613.

To the ſeuerall Authors of theſe *ſurrepted Elegies.*

After ſo many, vulgar, Icie *Showers,*
Be not diſpleas'd We ſhewe *Theſe* Pearls *of Yours;*
Whoſe Orient Hue *and Orbie Height, admir'd*
Of euery Sort, is euery-where deſir'd,
As worthieſt Iewells *for the Front of* Fame
When Shee proclaimes All-Worthy HENRY'S *Name:*
Whoſe Honor *is our only Aime and Scope;*
Without impeachment vnto Yours, we hope.
If any be miſ-paired, or miſ-plaç't;
*Pardon (we pray) th'vn-*Herald *Printers haſte:*
Who only learn'd, at This late Funeral,
To marſhall meaneſt, *firſt and laſt of all.*
If any grieue to vndergoe the Preſs;
You All (almoſt) haue ſuffered it, for leſs:
If (which we feare) ſom-where we miſs your Text;
Better inform'd, wee'l mend it in the Next.
But, if Our Stealth *your* Cenſures *moſt incenſe;*
Our BOOK may ſaue vs, *for Our* firſt Offence.

H.L. R.S.

AN ELEGIE
On the vntimely Death of the *incomparable Prince*, HENRY.

By G. G.

NOt as the people that are hir'd to crie
And howle at euery Great-mans Obſequie:
Nor as *The Wits*, that cloſely wooe Applauſe
By curious handling This ſad common Cauſe:
Nor toucht in *My particular* at all,
By any future *Hope*, or preſent *Fall*
(For, This Man's Eye was neuer caſt on Mee;
Nor could I dreame that euer it ſhould bee):
Nor do I, with the faſhion, *Mourne* in *Black*;
My *Sorrow's* in my Heart, not on my Back;
Where I do *weep*, becauſe Wee haue no Senſe
Of true *bemoaning* greateſt Excellence.
With idle Rimes wee blot white ſpot-les papers
(Whoſe beſt vſe is to make *Tobacco* Tapers)
There, ſtriuing to out-ſtrip each others braine,
We ſhew how vaine we are, to ſhew our veine;
Fooliſhly thinking, in a *meaſur'd* Verſe,
A *Loſſe* beyond *Dimenſion* to rehearſe.
When yee do write of *Loue* and *pleaſant* things,
Then ſmooth your Lines: but, in the *Loſſe of Kings*,
When all Eyes *weep*, and all true Hearts do *bleed*,
Pleaſe no-man with a Line that he ſhall read.
And, of This PHOENIX, that is lately fled
To Life from hence, where all that liue are dead;
Onely pronounce, but with a voyce of Thunder,
Prince HENRY's gon: and leaue the world to wonder
What Plot of *Prouidence* it is, to ſhowe
Such *Iewels*, and then ſnatch them from vs, ſo.

For,

For, What are all the Words that All can say,
Of HIM, to HIM, or Vs? They neither may
Reach to *His Vertues*, nor Our *Losse* regain,
Comfort one *Sorrow*, nor asswage one Pain.
HEE hath *His Peace*; Wee, *Grief*; all Times, His *Glorie*:
So yong so *good* was neuer found in Storie.

FINIS.

AN EPITAPH.

READER: Wonder think it none,
Though I speake, and am a Stone.
Heer is shrin'd Cœlestial Dust:
And I keepe it but in trust.
Should I not my Treasure tell,
Wonder then You might as well,
How the Stone could chuse but break,
If it did not learne to speak.
Hence, amaz'd: and ask not MEE,
Whose these sacred Ashes bee:
Purposely it is conceal'd.
For, if that should be reueal'd,
All that read, would by-and-by
Melt themselues to Teares, and Dye.

Sr. P. O.

FINIS.

I. ELEGIE

1. ELEGIE

On the vntimely Death of the *incomparable Prince*, HENRY.

By Mr. HOLLAND.

HE that had told mee This, and said he dreamed,
A while agone, I should haue thought blasphemed;
Or him in *Bedlam* wisht for want of Reason;
Or at the Tower or *Tiborn*, for his Treason.
Poore ILE, that with thy Tides dooſt howerly alter,
Out-washt with waues, in-washt with Teares, but salter;
Wert Thou so lately to thy *Name* restored,
To haue thy breſt so soon, so deeply gored?
Thy Face was with His Grandams Death confounded:
In His, thy heart is broke, or hugely wounded.
Thy Prince (ô mercie God!) whoſe Fate and Merite
Heer or in Heav'n a *Crowne* was to inherit;
And, heer hee had, but for our *good miſfortune*:
For His life-giuers Life did Heav'n importune.
And there, he doth; yea there he liueth *Crowned*:
Nor is hee *dead* vnleſs our *Teares* him drowned;
Though in the Angells Crowd perhaps hee fainted,
Who throngd to ſee Him there both *Crownd* & *Sainted*.
But as the *ſacring* of the King now *regnant*
Wee long deferd; and firſt prepar'd our pregnant
Teares for the Burial of the Queen deceaſed:
So, leaue wee, now, the bleſſed *Soule* releaſed,
Which (like the *Kinglie Office*) never dyeth;
And turn to that ſweet *Corps* which lowely lyeth.
O *Roſe*! of thouſand *Damſels* late deſired,
Whoſe crimſin hew their ſnowie boſomes fired;
The *Roſe* of LANCASTER, that fairely burned
In his freſh Cheeks, to that of YORK is turned.

Bleed Teares, ye *Englisb* hearts, and haue Compunction:
Your Grand-Fathers wept blood for their *Diſ-iunction*.
The Flower of All this *Age* is now deflowred:
In Flower of all His Age him Death deuowred.
No *Catesbie* could do more, no *Faux*, nor *Percie*
(Of Hell the Fire-brands) nor haue ſhowen leſſe Mercy.
Tell me, Ye that had Hell in Earth contriued,
Or, into Hell would hence haue digd or diued,
What Fiend it was, or of the Fiend what Member,
Firſt tolde you of that *fatal* Month *Nouember?*
Twas not the *Fift*, he was a *lying Prophet*,
The *Sixt* it was (nor err'd he wider of it):
Be That a Day of *Iubile* and *Thankſ-giuing*;
But This a diſmall Day of Grones and Grieuing.
The *Court* doth mourne, and all with *black* is walled,
Nor ſhall againe in haſte *White-Hall* be called.
Yea, Where at *Tilt* and *Ring*, he vs'd his races
Is deſert now: His preſence fild all Places.
How oft, when as to *Weſt-minſter* I trudged
About my fift yeers Suite (but yet vniudged)
He cheered vp my heart (that was full heauie)
To ſee him ride before the beautious Beauie
Of *Ladies* bright that ſtood thereat amazed,
And with their Lights the Windowes double glazed!
The Horſe had of his load more pride then feeling,
Now running, and now bounding, and now wheeling;
The Fire out of his ample noſtrils glowed:
And with his mouth the ground along he ſnowed.
If once he neigh'd, no other Trumpet needed,
And like his Maſters Eye or thought he ſpeeded.
Thus oft I ſaw them for the race preparing;
His Horſe the Winde, Himſelfe all Commers daring.
His armour lightened, and his Staues did thunder,
So did the fierie Steed that flew him vnder,

Then

Then brake He ſtaues: But now Our Staffe is broken,
So are our hearts, although our hearts were Oaken:
For now, in ſtead of Steed, the Beer him beareth;
No more His Steed the flying Center teareth,
But ſadly walks before; and will no faſter,
For hurting her that muſt imbrace his Maiſter.
Lo, with the ground where lowe he lies and leuel,
The PRINCE of Youth, who kept that life and reuell.
Light hearts He made: for when he lightly bounded,
No ground but Shoutes vnto the Muſicke ſounded.
Nor ſhouldſt thou be (ô Earth) if ought might woo-thee,
To Him more heauie then He was vnto-thee.
Art thou yet Earth, for all thy *Mines*, ſo needy?
Or, by Our *Greedineſs* learn'ſt thou be greedy?
We digge thy Womb for *Gold* (we are ſo cruell)
And digge it vp againe to hide our IEVVEL.
But This, which in thy Boſome *now* is hoorded,
Is worth what euer vs thou haſt affoorded.
Our *Hopes* ranne on Him; but his Fates ranne faſter:
Nor leſs then our Deſire is our diſaſter.
Ne ſhould our *Teares* then were our *Hopes* be fewer,
Which ſhowre apace and make each Eye an Eawer,
Each breſt a Baſon; thence all *Hopes* be waſhed,
No loue extinct; whoſe Flames there euer flaſhed:
And ſhall, till vs with him they burne to Cinders;
And ſoon they would, but that our weeping hinders.
To bring in *Lee* to *This*, and *Coyle*, what needeth?
From euery Eye, another THAMES proceedeth;
Which neuer ſhould Deaths Image ſee, nor ſlumber,
Till in the *South* they make a ſecond *Humber*.
Eies weep out Teares: Teares weep out Eies, in Kindnes;
For, next to Death, now beſt of Things is Blindnes.
When late his *Grand-dams* reliques were remoued,
Who would haue thoght that it would thus haue proued?

My life, and all I had, I durſt haue pawned,
That Vault for Him would not ſo ſoone haue Yawned.
Where Him in her cold armes ſhe now imbraces,
Who liuing warm'd all breſts and ſtain'd all faces.
Good Lord, how Time doth run! we Months can mea- (ſure
But fiue, betwixt our Treaſorer and our Treaſure.
Now all is gone, the reaſon may be noted
VVhy none is yet vnto the Place promoted;
And He that beſt deſerues of any other,
May ſigh for Him, as for his Fathers Mother.
Alas! there is no need: no Thief will offer,
Nor yet a Fool to rob an emptie Coffer.
One leaden Coffin doth our Gold enuiron,
And our more leaden Hearts are wrapt in iron.
So dull, ſo hard they are that none perceiueth
Of how much this His Death the Realm bereaueth.
Was this Hee (or did I my Selfe but flatter)
That of my Song ſhould be the mightie Matter?
This He that ſhould heaw downe the *Turkes* like Cattle,
And I firſt fight, and after ſing the Battle?
Alas! that Song muſt now be turn'd to ſadnes:
All Mirth and Muſicke are but Fits of Madnes.
Fy on the Face that makes a Mock of Sorrow;
Or that, to grieue, a Cloak will beg or borrow.
True Griefe indeed, that cannot well be choaked,
Will finde a vent and needs not to be cloaked.
His Stormes of Sighes and Teares will ſoon be layed,
Whoſe head with one poore Riband may be ſtaied.
Giue me a running Head: His braine is idle,
VVho giues not now vnto his Teares the bridle.
VVhere are the Wits which He him choſe and cheriſht?
Are all braue Spirits with one Bodie periſht?
The VNIVERSITIES ſhould make rehearſall
Of our ſad Storie; 'tis ſo vniuerſall.

My

My Mother CAMBRIDGE (whom ſo *Phœbus* loueth,
As hardly from thy Confines he remoueth)
Are all thy *Muſes* fled? thy Wits all brained?
Or thy ſweet Springs more then thy Marſhes drained?
And OXFORD, thou that didſt taſte oft his Bounty,
Who late at *Woodſtock* feaſted all thy County,
What is the Cauſe that both your Tongues be tyed?
Are *Grant* and *Thames* and all your Fountaines dryed?
You are the Kingdomes Eyes, to you it longeth
To weep what-e'r the Kingdom wounds or wrongeth.
Moſt Sorrow, through the Eyes, the Heart perplexeth:
But through the heart the Eyes this Sorrow vexeth.
For, King and Realme (which ſhould I pittie rather)
Haue loſt; the King a Sonne, the Realme a Father:
VVhoſe Gifts, with longer life, God grant his Brother:
In all but age become He ſuch another.
And to His *numeral* Name (my Vow is thriftie)
Oh! may He adde an hundred yeares and fiftie:
So may Her Mothers Image and His *Sister*,
VVhoſe pearly Eyes like both the *Indies* gliſter.
And would to God that Death ſo long had tarryed
While He had ſeen her fully woo'd and *maryed*.
But, oh! the Mother! how hath Shee bedewed
With liquid Pearles the boſome ſtuck and ſtrewed!
The Queen of Loue (O! ſtay her there, ſhe ſoundeth)
With Sighes and Teares her breſt both drains & drow-neth.
His Bodie with thoſe Teares let be embalmed,
And to ſweet Odours thoſe ſad Sighes be calmed:
For, lo, the Spirit is flowen to God immortall,
VVhoſe Houſe high *Heauen* is, and death the Portall.
So, VVe perhaps may giue Him worthy Buriall,
VVhoſe Toomb ſhould be another new *Eſcurial*.

Ille dolet verè qui ſine teſte dolet.

EPITAPHIVM

Ad Aram HENRICI CÆSARIS, Principis WALLIÆ & Iuuentutis,

H. HOLLAND *fleuit fixit q.*

CRudeli Crudaq; Patri Patriæq; Ruina
Raptus, vt æthereis insereretur Auis:
HENRICVS *modicæ (sanctũ Caput!) inditur vrnæ;*
Maximus ille, suo ni Genitore minor.

FINIS.

2. *ELEGIE*
On the vntimely Death of the *incomparable Prince*, HENRY.

By Mr. DONNE.

LOok to Me, *Faith*; and look to my *Faith*, GOD:
For, both my *Centres* feel This *Period*.
Of *Waight*, one *Centre*; one, of *Greatneſs* is:
And REASON is That *Centre*; FAITH is This.
For, into our *Reaſon* flowe, and there doe end,
All that this naturall World doth comprehend;
Quotidian things, and Equi-diſtant hence,
Shut-in for Men in one *Circumference*:
But, for th' enormous *Greatneſſes*, which are
So diſproportion'd and ſo angulare,
As is GOD's *Eſſence*, *Place*, and *Prouidence*,
Where, *How*, *When*, *What*, *Soules* do departed hence:
Theſe 7 *things* (*Eccentrique* elſe) on *Faith* do ſtrike;
Yet neither All, nor vpon all alike:
For, *Reaſon*, put t'her beſt *Extenſion*,
Almoſt meetes *Faith*, and makes both *Centres* one:
And nothing euer came ſo neer to This,
As *Contemplation* of the PRINCE wee miſſe.
For, All that *Faith* could credit Mankinde *could*,
Reaſon ſtill ſeconded that This PRINCE *would*.
If then, leaſt Mouings of the *Centre* make
(More then if whole Hell belcht) the World to ſhake,
What muſt This doo, *Centres* diſtracted ſo,
That Wee ſee not what to beleeue or knowe?
Was it not well believ'd, till now; that *Hee*,
Whoſe *Reputation* was an *Extaſie*

On Neighbour States; which knew not Why to wake
Till *Hee* discouerd what wayes *Hee* would take:
For *Whom* what *Princes* angled (when they tryed)
Mett a *Torpedo*, and were stupefied:
And Others studies, how *Hee* would be bent,
Was His great *Father's* greatest Instrument,
And activ'st spirit to conuey and tye
This soule of *Peace* through CHRISTIANITIE?
Was it not well believ'd, that *Hee* would make
This *general Peace* th' eternall quertake?
And that *His* Times might haue stretcht out so far
As to touch Those of which they *Emblems* are?
For, to confirm this iust Belief, that Now
The *last Dayes* came; wee saw Heauen did allow
That but from *His* aspect and Excercise,
In *Peace*-full times, Rumors of *Warrs* should rise.
But *now* This *Faith* is *Heresie*: wee must
Still stay, and vexe our *Great-Grand-Mother*, DVST.
Oh! Is GOD prodigall? Hath He spent his store
Of Plagues on vs? and only now, when more
Would ease vs much, doth he grudge Miserie,
And will not lett's enioy our *Curse*, to *Dye*?
As, for the Earth throw'n lowest downe of all,
'Twere an *Ambition* to desire to fall:
So God, in our *desire* to *dye*, dooth know
Our Plot for *Ease*, in beeing *Wretched* so.
Therfore *Wee liue*: though such a Life wee haue
As but so manie *Mandrakes* on his Grave.
What had *His growth* and *generation* donne?
When what wee are, his *putrefaction*
Sustains in vs, Earth; which *Griefs* animate:
Nor hath our World now other *soule* then That.
And could *Grief* gett so high as Heav'n, that *Quire*
Forgetting This, their new Ioy would desire

(VVith grief to see him) *Hee* had staid belowe,
To rectifie Our *Errors* They fore knowe.
Is th'other *Centre*, REASON, faster, then?
VVhere should wee look for That, now w'are not Men?
For, if our *Reason* be our *Connexion*
VVith *Causes*, now to vs there can be none.
For, as, if all the *Substances* were spent,
'Twere Madnes to enquire of *Accident*:
So is't to looke for *Reason*, *HEE* being gone,
The only *Subiect* REASON wrought vpon.
If *Faith* haue such a *chaine*, whose divers Links
Industrious Man discerneth, as he thinks,
VVhen Miracle dooth ioine; and to steal-in
A new link Man knowes not where to begin:
At a much deader Fault must *Reason* bee,
Death hauing broke-off such a Link as *Hee*.
But, now, for vs with busie *Proofs* to come
That w' haue no *Reason*, would proue we had some:
So would iust *Lamentations*. Therfore Wee
May safelier say, that VVee are dead, then *Hee*.
So, if our *Griefs* wee doo not well declare,
VV'haue double Excuse; *Hee* is not *dead*, VVee are.
Yet would not I dye yet; for though I bee
Too narrow, to think HIM, as *Hee* is HEE
(Our *Soule's* best Baiting and Mid-*period*
In her long *Iourney* of *Considering* GOD)
Yet (no Dishonor) I can reach Him *thus*;
As *Hee* embrac't the *Fires* of *Loue* with vs.
Oh! May I (*since* I liue) but see or hear
That *Shee-Intelligence* which mov'd This *Sphear*,
I pardon Fate my Life. Who-e'r thou bee
Which hast the noble *Conscience*, Thou art *Shee*.
I coniure Thee by all the *Charmes Hee* spoke,
By th'Oathes which only you *Two* neuer broke,

By all the *Soules* you *figh't*; that if you see
These Lines, you wish I knew *Your Historie:*
So, much as *You Two mutual Heavens* were *here*,
I were an *Angel singing* what *You* were.

3. *ELEGIE*

On the vntimely Death of the *incomparable Prince*, HENRY.

By Sr. WILLIAM CORNVVALLIS

It is not Night; yet all the World is black:
The *Fiat's* past; and yet *Our Sunne* wee lack.
Now know I *Ioyes* and *Griefs* are numbred, known
By our Capacities, not by their owne.
The Lord and Lown together mix their Plaint:
Some hearts doo swell, some pine, and other faint.
This *Grief's* much like a curious Painters hand
That meets all Eyes, which way so'er they stand.
Who had not layd his *Hopes* vpon HIS head?
Who must not sorrow when his *Hopes* are dead?
If euerie common *Sorrow* forceth Teares,
And Sighes and Grones for Cognizance it beares;
Shall This vn-thought, vnparalleled *Losse*,
This vniuersall Ship-wracke's *Grief* and *Crosse*,
Carrie no other Character of *Woes*
Then such wherein the baseſt Sorrow goes?
Though wee could not his saddest Fate eschew,
Yet may wee pay his Memorie her dew.
Let then This *Grief* for euer fresh remain,
And binde wee our Posteritie to plain.
Lett's, to the *Reuolution* of This Day
Of *Lamentations*, yearly Tribute pay.
Let all Times knowe our *Princely* HARRY's Name,
And let not *Age*, nor *Enuye* eat *His Fame*.
Oh! let all Tongues be liuing *Epitaphs*,
And let them lead our Children to the paths
VVhich his wise, noble, pious Actions trac't,
VVhere *Vertue* HIM, and *Hee* euen *Vertue* grac't.

So

So *graue* and *braue* a *Presence*, so compos'd
That *Grace* and *Terror* both at once disclos'd
HIM and Themselues so, to the standers-by,
As His Commands were written in his Eye:
And yet, even then hee could as well obay;
For, to his *Royall* Father *Hee* did pay
A Sonn's and Subiect's dew Obedience.
Oh! how *farre* is't from our Experience,
To see great Fortunes truely moderate,
And purchasers of Loue, and not of Hate!
But, I haue not so manie Griefs to spare
(Nor shall this dropsie World suck vp my Care)
That, but to HIM and His vntimely Fate,
Could lend one Sorrow from my hapless State.
Yet, not vntimelie; since wee know 'tis reason
That Time should follow Time; and Season Season.
Hee bare ripe Fruite, euen in his verie Prime:
Nature, in Him made haste to out-runn *Time*.
Dull lazie Bodies passe not fast Careers:
Wise Men count Lyves by Actions, not by yeares.
Wee need admire no longer PHILIPP's Sonne:
Neuer was Life in little better donne.
How did *Hee* gouern his will chosen Train,
Without Disorder or Luxurious Stain!
In His Howse, *Peace* and *Plentie* had their byding,
And *Hospitality* her Chief residing.
Never did Youth and Greatnes take their Inne
Where they were kept so spot-les without Sinn:
Nor ever did Authoritie lesse harme,
Which oft (alas!) doth *Vice* not *Vertue* arm.
No venome lurked in his harm-les Pleasures;
They were not Maisters of his Time nor Treasures;
Nor were they idle, or without an End:
But all, to som more serious Course, did tend.

Thus

Thus did Hee vſe Tennis, Balloon, and Foiles,
To make a well-breath'd Bodie fitt for Toiles.
Thus manag'd Hee Pikes, Piſtols, Horſes, Armes,
To be prepar'd againſt his Country's harmes.
How did *Hee* loue that rauiſher of Soules,
Which, all baſe, muddie, earthly Thoughts controules!
(Had I *Prométheus* bin, in ſtead of Fire,
My Theft had bin the Songs of Heauens Quire.)
Yet here, His moderation kept her paſe:
For, *Muſiks* wanton part though He could grace,
As well as euer yet could Carpet knight,
And could adorn a Dance to pleaſe the ſight
Of the moſt choiſe and curious Damſells eyes;
Yet held Hee that, among thoſe Myſteries,
That neuer are, or can be better vs'd,
Then when, inforc't, they cannot be refuſd:
But, running, ſwimming, and ſuch excerciſe,
As much more Maſculine, hee more did prize.
Neither did Theſe His brave and actiue Parts
Hinder his minde. For, though in pedant Arts
Hee were not lip-learnd: yet his Iudgement knew
The Latitude of things; and how to view
The Court and her Inviſibilities;
Which, ſeen, are not ſeen, often, by the Wiſe.
No Tongue can euer be to anie Eares
A trewer Treaſorer of what it heares;
Not like a petty Stream, which cannot bear
The leaſt acceſſe, but that it ſtrait doth rear
His head above his Banks, or els muſt vtter
What is receiv'd, into ſome Ditch or gutter:
But like the Sea, where no acceſſion can
Make't viſible vnto the eyes of Man.
Wiſe *Secrecie*, the Ligament of Frends,
Was His, and His euer to noble ends:

For

For, by it, Hee read Men, in ſtead of Books;
As Hee muſt doo, that into Kingdomes looks.
Times *paſt* by Entrailes vſed to preſage;
And *Ours* by Humors, Malice, Envie, Rage.
But, runn no farther in this Maze, my *Muſe*;
Hee knew Vice, but no Vice could e'r infuſe
Her Poiſon into His well ordered Minde;
Religion there and *Conſcience* were combin'd,
And made a ſtrong and holy warr-like Fence
Againſt baſe, crooked Ends; and Luſt of Senſe.
O! Miracle of Nature! how could'ſt Thou
Keep thy great Fortunes, that they did not bow
To Appetite, and Senſuall Delight?
Since they that gainſt the carnall Man doo fight,
Scarce truſt themſelves with life, for fear of Treaſon;
What force had then Thy more then humane Reaſon,
Which in the midſt of all that might allure,
Did yet the Caſtle of thy Minde aſſure?
Wonder of this our *Age*, what Sorrow may
THEE, and *Thy heauie Loſſe*, to life diſplay?
Not My dull *Muſe*; which, while ſhee doth renew
Thy Memorie, knowes only what is dew,
But cannot pay thee. Grief hath already ſpent
My Bodie's ſtore: But yet my Soule lament,
And in a *ſilent* Dove-like *Dirge* bemone,
The Ioye and Beautie of the World is gone.
And yet, not gone: For though the VVorld contain
One only PHOENIX, and that One is ſlain;
Yet may our now next *Hope* another proue:
The ſame Sunne ſhines on HIM with no leſs love.
Pardon mee then, ſweet PRINCE, fair-blooming Youth:
As thou art raiſd, ſo art thou ſett from Trueth
A Degree farther then thou wert, of late;
Thou, now, with Others eyes muſt ſee thy State:

Which though my Vowes shall wish may see aright;
Yet can I not wish you a better Light,
Then the remembrance of your Brothers Gests.
Whose Thought vpon faire past Examples rests,
Hath honest *Counsailors* as well as wise:
In liuing Councells *Passion* often lyes.
The only Doubt is, that Examples past,
In other State-moulds, former-fram'd and cast,
Are hardlie fitted to these Times of ours.
But (noble *Prince*) This Fear need not be Yours:
It is your Selfe I sett before your view;
The Print of these faire stepps is fresh and new.
Farr in the World's Discouerie Hee saild;
And, neither *Sirens* Songs, nor Rocks preuaild
T'impeach His Course, or to diuert his way:
His *Voyage* donne, Hee rests now in the Bay:
Hee came home richlie laden all with Harts,
Wonne by the Prowess of His iust Desarts.
And now, deer Sir, your Course beginneth next:
Take, I beseech you, His, for Map or Text;
And then dilate vpon it what your please.
I only warne you, Let not sluggish Ease
Benum your Senses: nor let hastie Flight,
With seeing only vp-ward, daze your sight.
Man hath ynough to doo, where-ever plac't;
And *Greatnes* is mistaken, if not grac't
With *Iustice*, *Goodnes* and *Integritie*;
The wisest and the safest *Policie*.
For, no Lawe doth so deeplie penetrate
Into the veines and marrow of a State,
As those, th'Examples of Your lyues present:
Which silently drawe all Men to consent,
And doo accord the Subiects hearts to Yours;
Loue making sweet the sharpnes of your Powers.

Lastly, to Thee, great King, faire spreading Palm,
Which at thy Comming all our Stormes didst calm;
Now, I implore you to appease Your Owne:
These are but *Hopes*; You, our Assurance known:
Vnder whose Shade this Iland doth possess
All kinde of Comforts and of Happiness;
But, can no longer, if your Self giue-way
That discontented Sadnes shall betray
Your Peace, on which your Subiects Peace doth liue.
Pardon, deer Sir, if I complain, you give
More then your Owne; Your Ioyes or Griefes are Ours;
And nothing but the Dispensation, Yours.
Should Clowdes for-euer shade the fruitfull Sun,
The Earth and all her Of-spring were vndon.
You are our Sunn: and from your glorious Beams,
The Happiness of all your Subiects streames:
For *Iustice* sake, your Owne, and all this Land,
O're-come this great *Eclipse*; your Selfe command.
Your Happie-fortune you could moderate:
To make your Glorie complete, bear This Fate
With the like Temper; that the World may know
Your happie *Greatnes* you doo only owe
To GODand VERTVE; which doo still advance
Their Votaries aboue the Power of *Chance*.

On

FINIS.

4. ELEGIE
On the vntimely Death of the *incomparable Prince*, HENRY.

By Sr. EDVVARD HERBERT.

MVſt *HEE* be Euer dead? Cannot Wee add
Another Life vnto That PRINCE, that had
Our *Soules* layd vp in *Him*? Could not our Loue,
Now when *Hee* left vs, make that Bodie moue
After *His Death*, one Age? and keep vnite
That *Name* wherein our *Soules* did ſo delight?
For, what are *Soules*, but Loue? ſince they do know
Only for it, and can no farther goe.
Senſe is the *Soule* of Beaſtes; becauſe none can
Proceed ſo farr as to vnderſtand, like Man.
And, if *Soules* bee more where they loue, then where
They animate, why did it not appear
In keping *Him* alyve? Or, how is Fate
Equall to vs, while one mans priuate ſtate
May ruin Kingdomes, when Shee will expoſe
Him to a certain Death; and yet All thoſe,
Whoſe loues would giue thouſands of liues for one,
Not keep alyue This PRINCE who now is gone?
Or, doo wee *dye* in HIM; only as wee
May, in the worlds *harmonick* Bodie, ſee
An vniuerſally-diffuſed *Soule*
Moue in the Parts, which moves not in the Whole?
So though Wee *dy'd* with HIM, wee doo appear
To liue and ſtirre awhile; as if *Hee* were
Still quickning vs? Or doo (perchance) wee liue
And knowe it not? See wee not *Autumne* give
Back to the Earth againe what it receiv'd
In th'early *Spring*: and may not Wee, deceiv'd,
Think that thoſe Powers are *dead*, which doo but *Sleep*,
And the Worlds *Soule* doth re-vnited keep?
And though this *Autumne* gaue what neuer more
Anie *Spring* can vnto the World reſtore:
May wee not be deceiv'd, and think wee knowe
Our Selues for dead, becauſe that wee are ſo

Vnto

Vnto each other, wherryet wee doo liue
A Life *His Loue* and *Memorie* dooth giue,
Who was our World's *Soule*: and to whom wee are
So re-vnite, that in H IM wee repaire
All other our Affections ill bestow'd;
Since by This loue wee now haue such abode
With *Him* in Heav'n, as wee had heer, before
Hee left vs, *dead*. Nor shall wee question more,
Whether the *Soule* of Man be *Memorie*;
As *Plato* thought. Wee and Posteritie
Shall celebrate H IS *Name*; and *Vertuous* growe,
Only in *Memorie* that HE was so,
And, in that Power Wee may seem yet to liue,
Becavse *Hee* liued once; though wee shall strive
To sigh-away this *seeming Life* so fast,
As if with vs 't were not already past.
Wee then are dead: for what dooth now remain
To *please* vs more, or what can wee call *Gain*,
Now wee haue lost H IM? And what else doth make
Difference in *Life* and *Death*, but to partake
Nor *Ioye* nor *Pain*? O Death! couldst thou fullfill
Thy Rage against vs, no way, but to kill
This PRINCE in whom wee liv'd, that so, wee All
At once might perish by thy hand, and fall
Vnder This *Ruine*? Henceforth, though wee should
Doo all the actions that the liuing would,
Yet shall wee not remember that wee liue,
No more, then when our Mothers wombe did giue
That Life wee felt not. Or should wee proceed
To such a wonder, that the *dead* should breed;
It should be wrought, to *keep* that *Memorie*,
Which being HIS, can therfore *neuer dye*.

On

FINIS.

5. ELEGIE

On the vntimely Death of the *incomparable Prince*, HENRY.

By Sr. HENRY GOODYERE.

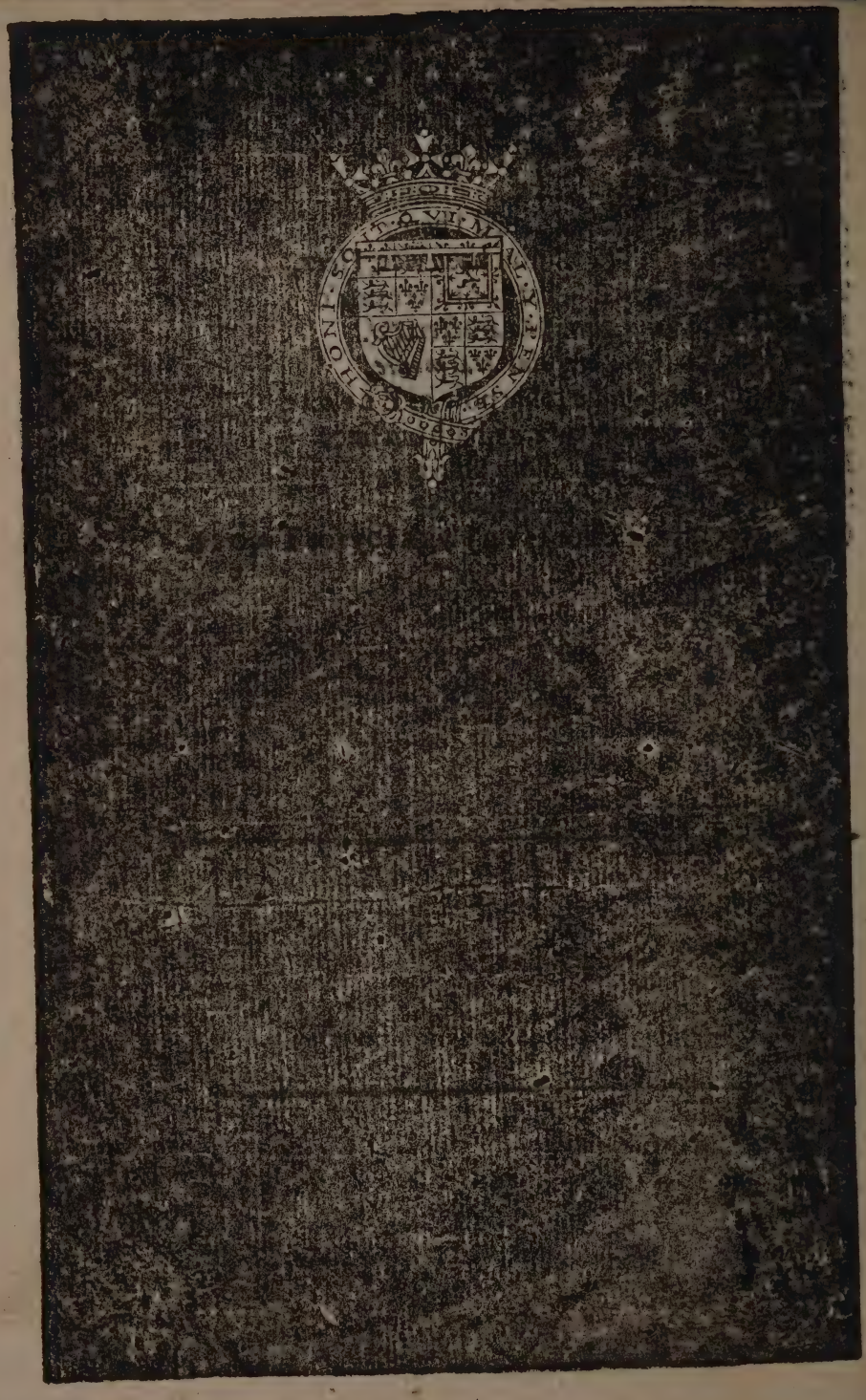
FIrst, let me ask my Self, why I would trye,
Vnmeasur'd Griefs, in measur'd lines, to tie;
Or think *poëtik Magick* should encloſe
In such a Circle All-surmounting Woes.
Next, let me ask my Hearers: Will not They
Think, I take part with *Death*, what-e'r I say?
For, Thus to measure, is t' *Eclipſe* this Sunne,
And re-diminish him, as *Death* hath donne.
Him let me aske; Will not *Hee* think, that This
Som wrong to Him, and som de-merit is,
That I should be thus carefull to expreſſe
Our Loſſe, and leaue out His great *Happineſs*?
Will not *Hee* think, that by *lamenting* Thus
His leauing of theſe Kingdomes and of Vs,
Wee doo not towards his new-got Kingdome striue,
Where He is *Crownd*, his Fathers both alyue?
But I'll aske none: I neither aske relief
Nor counsell now of anie, but my Grief.
Self-preſeruation moues me: I shall break
If I stay, thinking still, and doo not speak.
But, What? At leaſt expreſſe thy Grief this way,
In saying that thou know'ſt not what to say:
Say, that It might be thought some pietie,
To grieue that thou griev'ſt not sufficiently;
As Charitie, in greateſt Sinner's Caſe,
Admits such grief for some degree of grace.
Say, that As *Artiſts*, which pretend to take
Great Heights with little Inſtruments, doo make

Vnpardonable Errors; so would I,
His Greatnes, Goodnes, or our Miserie
Thus to describe, or who-soeuer shall
Work in this mist of Grief which shadowes all;
This Grief, that vniuersally so infects,
That each Face is a Glasse whence it reflects.
For, as who doth ten thousand Glasses try,
Receiues his owne Face back into his eye:
So, if on twenty millions you light,
Each Face reflects your owne Grief in your sight;
Grief, which from vs must be deriued so,
As many Learned thought our Soules to goe,
By *Propagation*; and must reach to all
The After-born, like *Sinn Originall*.
And there's now no way left vs, to preuent
This Miserie, except This Age consent
To burn all *Records of HIS Historie*;
To burn his *Tombe*, and euery *Elegie*;
To burn His *Proiects* all; and so keep hid
All that was donne for Him, and what Hee did:
That so, our Heires may neuer come to knowe
His *Worth*, Our Losse; so to inherit Woe.
But, That were an vniust Impiety.
Better they suffer, then His Worth should dye.
Besides: 't were Vain; since *Nature* hath, wee see,
Fore-told All (as it were) by *Prophecie*.
She made our World Then, when Shee made His Head:
Our Sense, Our Verdure, from His Brain was bred.
And, as *Two great Destructions* haue and must
Deface, and bring to nothing, That of *Dust*;
So, Our true *World*, This PRINCES *Head* and *Brain*,
A wastefull *Deluge* did and *Fire* sustain.
But, as Fore-sight of *Two* such *Wastes*, mad SATH
Erect *Two Columnes*, t' out-liue the Worlds death,

Against

Against the FLOOD and FLAME, of *Brick* and *Stone*;
In which he hath by his Prouision,
Preserv'd from *Barbarisme* and *Ignorance*
Th' ensewing Ages; and did re-advance
All *Sciences*, which he engraued There:
So, by *our* SETH's Prouision haue wee, Heer,
Two Pillars left; where, what so-e're wee priz'd
In Our lost World, is well *Characteriz'd*.
The list'ning to this *Soueraine Harmonie*,
Tames my Grief's rage; that now, as ELEGIE,
Made at the first for *Mourning*, hath bin since
Imploy'd on *Loue*, *Ioy*, and *Magnificence*;
So this particular *Elegie* shall enclose
(Meant for my Grief for HIM) with Ioy for THOSE.

FINIS.



6. ELEGIE.

A Pilgrim's sad Obseruation vpon *a disastrous Accident*, in his Trauaile towards the HOLY-LAND.

WHat doleful Noise is This! What Shrieks! What Cryes?
Listen, mine Eares; Look out, my wakefull Spies.
A sable World I see; heare a sad Dittie
*Of Many-*Parts, *would rend a Rock with Pittie.*
Each hath his fashion, as his Passions *sway:*
And if I right conceiue them, Thus *they say;*

The King. *O! my Son,* HENRY! *O my Son! my Son!*
Not as King *Dauid* for his *Absolon,* 2.Sam.18
I mourne for thee, *my Sonne,* Mirrour of piety; 33
But, for My lack and loss of thy societie.
O great LAVV-GIVER! Where is that Condition
Thou mad'st to those shewe filiall submission
In Honouring their Parents, To prolong
Their daies on earth? But, Thou dost no man wrong:
For, Me, next Thee, 'boue all on Earth he priz'd.
So, Hee with Thee in Heav'n is *eterniz'd.*

The Queen. *Son of my womb, O Son of my desire,* Prou.31.1
How art thou *quencht*, prime *Sparkle of my fire!* 2. Sam.14 7.
The World will now this *Paradox* maintaine,
An *Ichabod* was borne, when HENRY slaine. 1.Sam.4 21
O Death, thou *Philistine* Vncircumciz'd,
O that thou might'st with torments be chastiz'd,
Till here aliue my HENRY Thou restore:
But I (alas!) in vaine my loss deplore.
Yet let me not in vaine Thy help intreate,
Thou All-restorer, only Good and Great;

Deut.22.6 Who sayst, *Kill not the yong ones with the Breeder*;
My feeble Flock thou hast reft of their Leader,
That to the Remnant should haue bene Defense:
Heb.13.20 But, Thou, *Great Shepheard*, canst this recompense.
Then, to my tender Flock long safety giue;
Gen.19.20 *Is't not a little-one, and My Soule shall liue?*

The Prince. Good *Brother* (for, I cannot yet forget
That Name, wherein our loues so often met.)
Brother, is this the pleasure that you do me,
To leaue these Shadowes of your Honours to me;
And rob me of your *Selfe?* in Whom, more pleasure
I did conceiue, then in all earthly Treasure.
Giue me your *Selfe*, againe: That was My Glory.
Too-well You teach me, These be transitory.
They title Me, PRINCE; HIGHNES; & such other:
All, None to That, when You instil'd mee, BROTHER.

Pr. Eliz. Ah Me! Liue I? or do I dreame?
I see, Things be not, as they seem.
Nor seeme they what they be indeed:
He seem'd to liue, that now is dead;
Yet seems but dead: Hee is aliue,
Where my best Hopes shall once arriue.
There may I euer Him possesse:
My Loss, This only may redress.

Prince Palatine. *An Miser, an Felix reputer, Te (Maxime Princeps)*
Vidisse? Est, fœlix qui fuit, ille miser.
Gaudeo me Miserum *sine Te; dum spes mihi detur*
AEterna vt Tecum Prosperitate *fruar.*
IDEA *interea Mecum Tua pulchra maneto:*
Quam mihi (si fas est dicere) dico Deam.

Whether (alas!) shall I Mee weene
Happy, or hapless, To haue seene

Thee;

Thee, Noblest Prince? A Wretched State
It is, To haue beene fortunate.
Let Mee be wretched, while Thou bee
No partner in my miseree;
And while I hope once to inioy
With Thee that euerlasting Ioy.
But, till I meet Thee blest, aboue,
Thy faire IDEA, my deer Loue,
Be still My *Saint*: at whose pure Shrine,
I may adore all *Worths* of Thine.

His Family. Ah, deerest *Master*! Mote we all haue dy'd,
T'haue ransom'd Thee from Death, that wert our Pride:
Our Pride (alas!) That was Thy Death: thy Death
Our Life yet may be, if thou mightst bequeath
Thy liuing Vertues to our dying Liues.
He dies not, who from Vertue life deriues.
No other *Legacy* we now expect
From thee; who liuing didst with care respect
Thy careful Traine: whereof experiment
Thou gav'st in that thy *Will* and *Testament*.
Thy *Will* and *Testament* it prov'd indeed,
When to thy Seruants, *Pensions* were decreed,
Subscrib'd and signed by that gratious Hand,
Yer it the *Pensioners* did vnderstand.
This done, saydst Thou in priuate; *Next must I*
Relieue my poorer seruants Pouertie.
But, cruell Sergeant, Death, eftsoones arrested
Thy sacred Body; whence thy strength he wrested,
And Thee imprison'd, till thou didst him pay
The vtmost farthing of thy fatall Day.
Yet, thou hast left this glorious Bequest,
To all thy *Seruants*, that whereso we rest,

Or wander through the World, yet we may say,
We were Prince HENRY'S *Followers*. And may
We euer be his Followers, till we bee
His *Fellow-saints* in that ETERNITEE (wound?

Church. Why do we waile Him, whom our selues did
Or cry for Him, that's now with glory Crown'd?
Let's for our Selues, and for our Children weep:
And our hard hearts in brinish Teares let's steep.
Great is the Wrath now from the *Lord* proceeds:
Num.17 46. *The Plague is* new *begun*; the VVound yet bleeds.
What? Such a *Prince*? So VVise? so Vertuous?
So Pious? so Benigne? so Valorous?
Such? such a *Prince*? and then, ev'n Then to be
Taken from vs, when Cause of *Thankfull Glee*
We had for that *Powder-deliuerance*!
Now marr'd for euer with such heauy chance.
For, neuer shall returne *Fift* of Nouember,
But with remorse we must the *Sixt* remember.
Nay: was he not ev'n on the *Fift*, a-dying,
From death awak't with sad Beholders crying?
What might the Cause be, or what our Offence,
That should the Lord so vehement incense,
His Mercy into Worm-wood thus to turne,
Esay 3.24 And this our *Beauty with* such *Blasting burne*?
What is it else, but that we haue abus'd
This memorable Mercy, and refus'd
Quite to extinguish those *Hell-fierbrands*,
Whom for This Cause GOD put into our hands?
But, Is it He? This Innocent, that must
Be sacrifiz'd for This? That were vniust.
In Mercy, rather He is taken hence,
Lest He should see the Evil's consequence
(Which hath but checkt vs yet) whose sad euent
We cannot shun, except we sooner repent.

Nobil.

Nobil. Faire Blossom! noblest Stem of noblest Stock!
How doth thy Blasting all our Boasting mock!
How shall we waile such Loss! whose Parallel,
Nor changeless *Truth*, nor boundless *Fame* can tell.
Greece could lament great *Alexander's* fate;
And *Rome*, her ancient *Worthies* celebrate
With Funerall *Dirges*: Euery *Country* can
Bemone their miss of some remarked Man.
Then, Let vs rise, and all those *Countries* range,
And of their Lamentations learne each change;
Sith all their seuerall *Worthies* worth, and more,
Was treasur'd vp in our One HENRY's store.

Clergy. *Chariots* and *Horse-men* of our ISRAEL,
Mounting from Earth to Heauen there to dwell,
What Euill didst thou fore-see on vs to come?
As if thou dred'st to see our future Doome.
Or what great Euill may not Wee foresee,
That of so great a Good despoyled be?
The Citie's Substance is the holy Seed: Isa. 6. 13.
Which, reapt, her neere Destruction is decreed.
The bold *Star-gazers* dare Prognosticate
Disastrous Accidents to Towne and State,
Within whose Clyme is Sun or Moon-eclipse.
Th'Effects win credit to their leasing lips.
And may not Wee more certainely diuine
What Wracks the great *Star-guider* doth designe,
When such a *Sun* falls from our *Firmament*?
A present Cause of dolefull Dreriment;
A sad Presage of IVSTICE heauier hand
(VVithout Repentance) on this sinfull Land.
And now, vain World, what needst thou more be warnd
To leaue thy *Vanity*? Hast thou not learn'd
This Lesson yet by heart; that sith Hee's dead,
In whom thou mightst all Grace and Vertue read,

In whom all worldly Happineſs was plac't;
No worldly Happines can long time laſt?

Gentry. Heroick *Chiefetain*, who our Hearts didſt fill
With Valour, Hands with Weapons, Heads with Skill
To manage Martiall deeds; we did expect,
By thine auſpicious *Leading*, to haue checkt
The proudeſt *Saracen*, or *Mahumetan*,
Tam'd the *Barbarian*, and wilde *Indian*:
But, daſtard Death hath ſounded his Alarmes,
Bidding vs reſt in ruſt, and leaue our Armes.
For, he vnwares our *Generall* hath ſlaine,
Before he ſhould his conquering blade diſtaine,
In *Mars his Field*, with Foes impureſt blood;
With feare whereof they All aſtoniſht ſtood.

Poets. A glorious Subiect of a Poets pen
(If Poets wits were Other then of Men)
Had HENRY been. But, where ſhould Hee haue found
An *Homer*, or a *Virgill*, that might ſound
The worthy Praiſe of his heroicke Deeds,
That gan already bud from Vertues ſeeds?
Nay: where's the *Muſe* ſo rich, as can ſet forth
The halfe of ſhort-lyv'd HENRY's long-lyv'd *Worth*?

Pilgrime. *Full many Plaintifs more, full of Complaints,*
In this ſad Company bewaild their wants:
But, in ſuch various wiſe, that infinite
It were for any wight to read or write.
I could but weep: yet might no longer ſtay,
But to the Holy-Land *kept on my Way;*
And on my Way went weeping: for, my Teares
Muſt be the Sea my brittle Veſſell beares;
My Sighes, the Windes: my Faith the Sterne doth guide:
My Fraight is Charity; Hope, Anchor try'd:
GOD's Word, *my Carde; his* SON, *my Light; his* SPIRIT
The Earneſt, that aſſures me to inherit.

Patience

Patience, the Champion, conquers all Distrest:
Heav'n is the Haven of all my Happiness.

By his (late) HIGHNES

Servant,

HENRY BVRTON.

FINIS.

AN ELEGIE-&-EPISTLE

Consolatorie,
Against
Immoderate Sorrow
for th'immature Decease
of
Sr. WILLIAM SIDNEY
Knight,
Sonne and Heire apparant
to
The Right Honorable,
ROBERT, LORD SIDNEY,
L.Vi-Count Lisle;
L. Chamberlain to the Queen,
&
L.Governour of His Maiesties
Cautionarie Towne of
VLVSHING.

1613.

To
The right Honorable, the Lord Vi-Count LISLE,
and his most vertuous Ladie:

To Sir Robert SIDNEY, Knight,
their Hopefull Sonne:

To the most Worthy Ladie WROTH,
with the rest of their right
vertuous Daughters:

&

To all the Noble

SIDNEYS

&

SEMI-SIDNEYS.

ALthough I knowe None, but a Sidney's *Muse,*
Worthy to sing a Sidney's *Worthynes:*
None but Your Owne *AL-VVORTH, Sidnëides,
In whom, Her Vncle's *noble Veine renewes:*
And though I knowe (sad Nobles*) to infuse*
My fore-spent Drops into the bound-les Seas
Of Your deep Griefs, for your deer Ioy's Decease;
To Your full Ocean *nought at-all accrues:*
Yet, as (the Floods Queen) Amphitrité *daignes*
To take the Tribute of small Brooks and Bournes;
Which to Her Bountie (that Their Streames maintains,)
The humble Homage of Their Thankes returnes;
Accept These Sighes and these few Teares of Ours,
Which haue their Course but from the Source of Yours.

Anagram.
**LA: WROTH*

Your Noble Name's & Vertue's

most Obseruant,

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

An ELEGIAC-EPISTLE.

VVhat Obiect, leſs then our *Great* HENRY's *Herſe*,
Could ſo haue ſeiz'd the voice of euerie *Verſe*?
What Subiect els could haue ingroſſed ſo
The *publique* Store and *priuate* Stock of *Woe*?
What Sea, but th' *Ocean* of His *Vertues* Fame,
Could drink all *Teares*, or drowne a SIDNEY's *Name*
(As buried quick) ſo quicklie (though ſo yong)
So vn-bewayled, ſo vn-ſigh't, vn-ſung?
O, glorious HENRY! though alone to *Thee*
I owe my all, and more then all of *Mee*;
And though (alas!) the beſt and moſt of *mine*
Reach not the leaſt, the loweſt Dues of *Thine*:
Yet, wouldſt thou, couldſt Thou hear (as heer-to-fore)
And grant a *Boon*; I only would implore
Thy *leaue* a little, for a SIDNEY's Death
To ſigh a little of my Mournfull breath:
The rather, that, as *yerſt* Hee ſeru'd You heer,
And, in His *End* attended Yours ſo neer;
Through-out all Ages ſubſequent to *Ours*,
His *Name* and *Fame* may ever wayte on YOVRS:
Sith All the MVSES owe That *Name* alone,
A *Dia-paſon* of each *ſad-ſweet* Groan:
But more peculiar, and preciſely, Mine;
Lineally bound vnto That Noble Ligne.
ARCADIANS knowe no Other, for APOLLO,
No other MARS (in *Armes* or *Arts* to followe
As DEMI-GODS, as well of Warre as Witt)
Then SIDNEYS *yerſt*, or SEMI-SIDNEYS, *yet*.
Yet, fitt I ſaid: for, of *This* deer *Deſcent*,
Nature (of late) too-lauiſhly hath ſpent,

(Like *My Ill-Huſwifes* which at once doo burn
Two or three Lights, where One would ſerue the turn)
Not her Owne only, but more orient Gemms,
More rich, more rare; more fitting *Diadems*:
As, firſt, th'old Father, famous-fortunate,
The prime firme Founder of our IRISH *State*:
Next, His Son PHILIP (More then PHILIP's Son)
(Whoſe World of *Worth* a World of *Honour* won:
Then, His ſole *Heire* (ſole VENVS-IVNO-PALLAS)
All *Beauties Pattern*, and All *Vertues* Palace;
(Whoſe memorie, on MVSES *Faireſt Hill*
Is *Canonized*, by a *Phœnix* Quill).
Theſe *Three*, the which *Three Ages* might haue grac't,
All *Theſe* and more in My ſhort Age haue paſt:
Beſides *This* new SVVEET-WILLIAM now deceaſt
(Th' *Epitomè* and *Summe* of All the reſt)
The Flower of *Youth*, of *Honor*, *Beautie*, *Blood*,
Th' Apparant *Heire* of All the SIDNEYS *Good*;
For Minde, for Mould, for Spirit, Strength, and Stature,
A Miracle, a Maſter-piece of *Nature*.
Alas! How groſſely doo our Painters erre
In drawing *Death's* grim Viſage (euery-where)
With hollow holes, as wholely dark and blinde!
Ah! See wee not, how ſtill Hee ſees to finde
The faireſt Mark, the rareſt and the beſt
Of *Vertues* Budds, and letts alone the reſt?
Ravens, Brambles, Bandogs, *Sirens*, heer hee leaues;
Swannes, Roſes, Lions, *Dians*, hence hee reaves:
Nay: th' *onlie* PHOENIX hath Hee newlie ſlain
(But maugre *Death*, That *Bird* reuiues again.)
No maruaile then, if SIDNEYS fall ſo faſt.
So earlie ripe, are ſeldome apt to laſt:
So *Eminent* are imminent to *dye*;
Malicious *Death* dooth *Such* ſo eas'ly ſpye.

But

But why, of *Death* and *Nature*, raue I Thus?
Another *Stile* (my LISLE) befitteth vs.
Another *Hand*, another *Eye*, directs
Both *Death* and *Nature* in These high Effects:
The *Eye* of PROVIDENCE, the *Hand* of POWER,
Disposing All in *Order* and in *Hower*;
So *working* in, so *waking* ouer All,
That but by *Those* doth *Nothing* here befall.
Then, not (as Currs) the stone or staff to bite,
Vn-heeding *why*, or *who* doth *hurl* or *smight*;
Vnto That *Eye* let vs erect our owne;
And humble vs vnder That *Hand* alone,
Which (as the Potter his owne Woork controules)
Dissolueth Bodies, and *absolueth* Soules:
Vn-partial euer, Vn-prepostrous;
How-euer Other may it seem to vs.
For, euer since *first* WO-MAN Teemed *Twin*,
And at a *Birth* brought forth both DEATH and SIN
(*Sinn*, as her *Heir*; *Death*, as an *Heritage*
Iustly derived down from Age to Age)
It is *Decreed* (by a more Change-les *Lawe*
Then euer yet the *Medes* and *Persians* sawe)
That *All men once* (as well as Lowe, the High,
Of Either *Sex*, of Everie *Sort*) *must dye*.
Yea, th' INNOCENT, for *Our imputed Ill*
(Who *came*, not *Lawes* to break, but to *ful-fill*)
The *Sonne* of GOD (The *Sonne* of MAN become)
Th' *Immortal* yielded to This *mortal* DOOME.
So that (*for Sinne*) no *Sonne* of MAN hath breath
But once must dye. *Wages* of SINNE is *Death*.
As for the reason, Why it comes to passe
Somtimes, that *Age* seemes to haue turn'd his *Glasse*;
While oftentimes *Youth's*, yet it seem *begun*,
Is crackt, or broken, or already run:

Why *Lillies*, *Roſes*, *Gillie-flowers*, be reft;
When *Nettles*, *Thiſtles*, *Hemlocks* heer be left:
Why *Cedres*, *Okes*, *Vines*, *Oliues*, rather fall,
Then *Bruſh* and *Bryars* (good for nought at all)
Let Fleſh and Blood, let *Duſt*, be rather mute,
Then with *His* MAKER ſawcily diſpute.
Yet heer (mee thinks) but little Queſtion needs.
Doo not We rather gather Herbes then Weeds?
Doo not Wee take the timber for our turne,
And leave the Dottrells, in their time to burn?
And, in the Shambles, who is it but would
Be rather ſped of yong Fleſh then of olde?
And yet in Seaſon, when wee ſee it good,
Wee weed our Gardens, fell our Vnder-wood;
And kill olde Cattell, leaſt they goar the yong,
Or fall-away, or mix ſome Mangeamong.
Much like, the Lord: who knoweth beſt all Seaſon,
And beſt obſerues: But, will wee vrge his Reaſon?
His Reaſon is His WILL: His *Will* is *iuſt*,
Or rather IVSTICE; which His POVVER *muſt*
In WISEDOME *execute* (right vnderſtood)
To His *Owne* GLORIE, and His Childrens Good;
Wherin His GOODNES through his MERCIE *ſhines*,
To cleer and cheer devout and humble mindes.
For, to the *Godlie* (in deſpight of Hell)
Heav'n maketh all things to re-iſſue *well*.
Heer, heer's a Harbour; heer's a quiet Shore
From SORROVV's Surges, and all Stormes that rore:
This is *Cap* COMFORT (a high *Promontorie*,
Of *richer* Store then heer is roome to ſtorie)
Heer let vs bide, and ride-out all Euents,
With Anchor *Hope*, and Cable *Patience*;
Vntill our Bark ſome happie Gale ſhall driue
Home to the *Hauen* where wee would All arriue.

Come, Noble *Vi-Count*, put into *This Bay*,
Where (with a Light) our A'MRAL leads the way,
Though deepeſt laden, and the moſt diſtreſt,
The greateſt *Ship* of Burthen, and the beſt.
HIM boldly follow: and though heer, as CHIEFE
In *Grief*, as *Greatnes*, His muſt drowne your *Griefe*;
Count it an Honour, to bee call'd to trye
Your *Vertue's* Valour, in your SOVERAIN's eye.
Wee All partake his *Croſſe*; His Loſſe is *Ours:*
But His *Affections* (to the life) are *Yours.*
The neerer then You march His *mournefull* fate,
His *royal* PATIENCE nerer imitate.
And *you*, ſad *Lady*, Mother of annoy
For hauing loſt the *prime* Sonne of your Ioye;
Ah! ſee, the SOVERAIN of your *Sex* hath ſo.
Some think it eaſe, to haue ſome peer in *Woe*:
But, ſuch a PEER, and *ſuch* a *Pattern* too,
Should much (me thinks) confirm and comfort You
To beare-vp hard into this happie *Road*,
And lighten ſomewhat of *Your heauie* Load:
The rather, ſith (beſides the *Happineſſe*,
Which now, *aboue*, your *Darling* dooth poſſeſſe;
The *Crowne*, the *Kingdome*, and the *Companie*
Of All the *holy*, *heauenly* HIERARCHIE:
Beſides your Meſſe of goodly GRACES left,
Whoſe WORTH from Al the *Prize* of *Worth* hath reft;
Fowre louely *Nymphes*, fowre *Riuers*, as it were,
Your veines of VERTVE through the Land to bear)
You haue another *Model* of *The Same*,
To propagate *renowned* SIDNEY's *Name*;
Another, like in euerie part to proue
As worthy of our Honor, and your Loue;
In whom (if now, You (IOB-like) beare this *Croſſe*)
Heav'n may reſtore you, manifold, your Loſſe.

FINIS.

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